

# PALMETTO STANDARD.

C. W. NELSON,  
G. DAVIS NELSON, Editors.

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## A Second Call.

From the Chester Temperance Office for 1853.

## THE COLD WATER FANATIC.

By A. ARTHUR.

Come, Parker, and a young man named Franklin, there is to be a temperance meeting over at Marion Hall. Don't you want to hear the speaking?

No, I believe not, was answered indifferently. I have little fancy for such things. I am not a teetotaler, and I am not a cold water fanatic.

That is a cold water fanatic, said Parker, who had been looking at the speaker with a keen eye. He is a cold water fanatic.

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"My friends," he at length said, in a low, subdued, yet thrillingly distinct voice. His manner, to those who had before listened to him, was so different from what was expected, that they felt a double interest in the speaker, and bent forward, eager to catch every word.

"My friends," he repeated, "a little over half an hour ago, an incident occurred, which has so checked the current of my thoughts and feelings, that I find myself in a state better fitted for the seclusion of my chamber, than for public speaking. It is a weakness, I know, but even the best of us are not at all times able to rise above our weaknesses. I was conversing with a friend in the midst of a group of men, some of whom were unknown to me, when one of the latter proposed to an acquaintance whom he called by name, an attendance upon this meeting. 'I have no fancy for such things,' was answered. 'Stargess is to speak,' was advanced as an argument. 'He's a cold water fanatic,' said the young man, with a sneer.

There was the most perfect stillness throughout the room. All eyes were fixed upon Stargess, whose low, subdued tone of voice, so unusual for him, made a marked impression on the audience. He stood, for some moments, again, his eyes searching every face.

"If he resumed, in the same low, half-subdued, yet thrillingly distinct voice, 'I am not a teetotaler, I would feel it a duty, as well as a privilege, to tell him why I have become what he calls a cold water fanatic—why I let forth my whole soul in this cause. Why I am at times over-enthusiastic—why I am, probably, a little intemperate in my crusade against the monster vice that has defaced our homes and robbed us of the sweet promise God once gave us in our children.'

"The speaker's voice had trembled—but now it was lost in a sob. In a moment he recovered himself and went on, still in the same low, searching tone:

"In the sweet promise of our children—Where are they? I look all around this large assembly. There sits an old friend; and there, and there, 'like mine, their heads are blossoming for eternity. Long years ago, we started side by side on the journey of life. We had our wives and our little ones around us then. Where are they now?"

Another long pause and deep silence followed. The dropping of a pin could have been heard in that crowded assembly.

When my thoughts go wandering back to that old time," resumed the speaker, "and I see, in imagination, the bright hearth fire, now extinguished; and hear, in imagination, the glad voices of children, now hushed for ever; and when I think of what caused this sad change, I do not wonder that I have been all on fire, as it were, that I have appeared to some a mere cold water fanatic.

"I wish that young man were here to-night, and perhaps, he is here. I will, at any rate, take his presence for granted, and make briefly my address to him.

"You have called me, my young friend, a cold water fanatic. If you had said enthusiastically, 'I would have liked the term better—But no matter—a fanatic let it be. And what has made me so? I will draw for you a picture.

"There is a small, meagrely-furnished room in the third story of an old building. The fire is winter, and on the hearth burns a few pieces of pine wood, that afford but little warmth. Three persons are in that room—a mother and her two children. The mother is still young; but her thin, sad, suffering face, tells a story of poverty, sickness, and heart-sorrow which dries up the very fountains of life. A few years previously, she had gone forth from her father's house, a happy bride, looking down the open vista of the future, and seeing bright joy and sunshine. She clung to her husband as confidently as the vine clings to the oak; and the loved him with all the fervor and devotion of a pure young heart. Alas! that a shadow so soon fell upon her path; that love's clinging tendrils were so soon torn away!

"She is still young. Look upon her, as she moves with feeble steps about her room. Ah, into what depth of misery she has fallen! Where is her husband?—he who so solemnly swore to love, cherish and keep her in sickness and in health? The door has opened! He enters—gaze upon him! No wonder an expression of pain and disgust is on your countenance; for a miserable drunkard is before you. No wonder the poor wife's pale cheek grows paler, nor that the sadness of her face changes into a look of anguish. Mark! He greets her with an angry word. He stammers across the room, and in doing so, throws over that little tottering thing, on her way to meet him. The mother, with an exclamation, springs to save her child from harm. See! The drunken wretch has thrust her angrily aside with his strong arm; and she has fallen—fallen with her head across a chair!

"The fall my friends proved fatal. A week after that unhappy day, I stood by the grave of one, who had been to me the best and most loving of children!"

The speaker's voice faltered. But he recovered himself and went on: "A few years before, I gave my child, dear to me as the apple of an eye, into the keeping of one I believed to be kind, noble-hearted and faithful. He was so then—yes, I will still say this. But the demon of intemperance threw upon him her baleful glances, and he became changed. And such a change!"

"The scene I have pictured took place in a far-off city, whither my child had been taken. Alas! the poor child did not die in my own arms. I was summoned too late. Only the sad pleasure of gazing upon her wasted cheeks, white as marble, and icy-cold, remained to me."

The old man could no longer suppress his emotions. Tears gushed over his face, and he wept aloud. Few dry eyes were in that assembly.

"Is it any wonder," resumed Stargess, after he had again recovered the mastery of his feelings, "that I am a cold water fanatic? Methinks, if the young man to whom I have referred, had passed through a sorrow like this, he too, would have been an enthusiast—a fanatic, if he will—in the cause of temperance. He, too, would have proclaimed from the streets and the house tops, in high-ways and by-ways, his mission of reform and regeneration. But let me say to him, and to all those like him, that prevention is better than cure—that it is easier to keep sober than to get sober, easier to give up the daily glass at twenty-two or twenty-five, than at thirty or forty. These drinking habits gain strength more rapidly than hers, from the fact that they vitiate the whole system, and produce a diseased vital action."

"A cold water fanatic?—perhaps I am. But have I not had cause? Ten years ago, a youth of the brightest promise stepped confidently upwards, and set his foot on the firm earth of manhood. He had education, talents, industry and good principles. But he lacked one element of safety—he had not a deeply fixed antagonism towards all forms of intemperance. Indeed, like the young man to whom I have before referred, he rather regarded the advocates of temperance as fanatics. And he was not so much to blame on this account, for his own father, in whom he confided, kept liquors in his sideboard, used them himself, and set them out in mistaken hospitality before his friends. Well, this young man went on well for a time; but, sad to relate, a change was apparent in a few years. His frequent visits to taverns brought him in contact with dangerous companions. Drinking was followed by its usual consequences, idleness; and the two united in speedy working his ruin."

"My friends," (the speaker was evidently excited) "one night, two years ago, I was returning home from a visit to a neighbor. It was dark, for heavy clouds obscured the sky, and there were all the indications of a rapidly approaching storm. Presently, lightning began to gleam out, and thunder to roll in the distance. I was, perhaps, a quarter of a mile from home, when the rain came down in a fierce gust of wind. The darkness was now so intense, that I could not see five paces ahead; but aided by the lightning, I obtained shelter beneath a large tree. I had been there only a few moments, when a human groan came upon my ears, chilling the blood back to my very heart. The next flash enabled me to see, for an instant, the prostrate form of a man. He lay close to my feet. I was, for the time, paralyzed. At length, as flash after flash rendered the figure more visible, and groan after groan awoke humane feelings, I spoke aloud. But the only answer was that continued moan, as one in mortal agony. I drew nearer, and bent over the prostrate body. Then, by the lightning's aid, I knew it but too well it was, alas!—that of the unhappy young man I have mentioned—my own son!"

"I took him in my arms," continued the old man, in a faltering voice, after another pause, in which the audience bent forward with manifestations of intense interest, "and with a strength given at the time, carried him home. I was, from the moment of recognition, unconscious of storm or darkness. Alas! when I laid him upon his own bed, in his own room, and looked eagerly down into his face, that face was rigidly dead. I am a cold water fanatic, friends, here is my apology. If it is not sufficient?"

And he sat down, amid low murmurs of feeling.

For a time the silence of expectation reigned throughout the room. Then one of the audience stood up in his seat, and every gaze was turned toward him. It was the young man, Parker. Fixing his eyes upon the still disturbed countenance of the speaker, he said, slowly and distinctly:

"Yes, the apology is more than sufficient. I take back the words unwisely spoken. I with such an experience, a man may well be pardoned for enthusiasm. Thanks! My venerable friend, not only for your rebuke but for your reminiscence. I never saw my danger as I see it now; but, like a wise man, foreseeing the evil, I will hide myself, rather than pass on, like the fool, and be punished. This night I enlist in your cold water army, and I trust to make a brave soldier."

Parker sat down, when instantly a shout went up that startled the far-off, lumbering echoes. Stargess, yielding to the impulse of his feelings, sprang from the stage, and grasping the young man's hand, said, in a voice not yet restored to calmness—

"My son! born of love for this high and holy cause; I bless you! Stand firm! Be a faithful soldier! Our enemies are named legion; but we shall yet prevail against them."

Here drop we the curtain of our narrative. Parker, when the hour of cool reflection came, saw no reason to repent of what he had done. He is now a faithful soldier in the cold water army.

If we knew all that some advocates of temperance have suffered, we might well pardon an enthusiasm that, at times, seems to verge on fanaticism. They have felt the curse—they have endured the pain; they know the monster vice in every phase of its hideous deformity. No, we need not wonder at their enthusiasm; the wonder should rather be, that it is not greater.

## Select Miscellany.

### VALUABLE HINTS TO YOUNG MEN ABOUT COMMENCING BUSINESS.

I. Be industrious and economical. Waste neither time nor money in small and useless pleasures and indulgences. If the young can be induced to begin to save, the moment they enter the path of life, the way will ever become easier before them, and they will not fail to attain a competency, and that without denying themselves any of the real necessities and comforts of life. Our people are certainly among the most improvident and extravagant on the face of the earth. It is enough to make the merchant of the old school who looks back and thinks what economy, prudence and discretion he had to bring to bear on his own business, (and which are in fact the basis of all successful enterprise) start back in astonishment at the ruthless waste and extravagance of the age and people. The highest test of respectability, with me, is honest industry. Well-directed industry makes men happy. The really noble class—the class that was noble when 'Adam delv'd and Eve spun,' and have preserved their patient to this day untarnished, is the laborious and industrious. Until men have learned industry, economy, and self-control, they cannot be safely entrusted with wealth.

II. To industry and economy, add self-reliance. Do not take too much advice. The business man must keep at the helm and steer his own ship. In early life, every one should be taught to think for himself. A man's talents are never brought out until he is thrown to some extent upon his own resources. If in every difficulty he has only to run to his principal, and then implicitly obey the directions he may receive, he will never acquire that aptitude of perception, and that promptness of decision, and that firmness of purpose, which are absolutely necessary to those who hold important stations. A certain degree of independent feeling is essential to the full development of the intellectual character.

III. Remember that punctuality is the mother of confidence. It is not enough that the merchant fulfils his engagements; he must do what he undertakes precisely at the time, as well as in the way he agreed to. The mutual dependence of merchants is so great, that their engagements, like a chain, which, according to the law of physics, is never stronger than its weakest link, are often broken through the weakness of others than their own. But a prompt fulfillment of engagements is not only of the utmost importance, because it enables others to meet their own engagements promptly. It is also the best evidence that the merchant has his affairs well ordered—his means at command, his forces marshalled, and everything ready for action—in short, that he knows his own strength. This it is which inspires confidence, as much perhaps as the meeting of the engagement.

IV. Attend to the minutiae of the business, small things as well as great. See that the store is opened early, goods brushed up, and time and nails picked up, and all ready for action. A young man should consider capital if he have it, or as he may acquire it, merely as tools with which he is to work, not as a substitute for the necessity of labor. It is often the case that diligence in employment of less consequence is the most successful introduction to great enterprises. Those make the best officers who have served in the ranks. We may say of labor, as Coleridge said of poetry, it is its own sweetest reward. It is the best of physics.

V. Let the young merchant remember that selfishness is the meanest of vices, and it is the parent of a thousand more. It not only interferes both with the means and with the end of acquisition—not only makes money more difficult to be got, and not worth having when it is got, but it is narrowing to the mind; and to the heart. Selfishness keeps a shilling so close to the eye, that it cannot see a dollar beyond. Never be narrow and contracted in your views. Life abounds in instances of the brilliant results of a generous policy.

Be frank. Say what you mean. Do what you say. So shall your friends know and take it for granted that you mean to do what is just and right.

VI. Accustom yourself to think vigorously. Mental capital, like pecuniary, to be worth anything must be well invested—must be rightly adjusted and applied, and to this end, careful, deep and intense thought is necessary if great results are looked for.

VII. Marry early. The man of business should marry as soon as possible, after twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. A woman of mind will conform to the necessities of the day of small beginnings; and, in choosing a wife, a man should look at, 1st. The heart; 2d. The mind; 3d. The person.

VIII. Everything, however remote, that has any bearing upon success, must be taken advantage of. The business man should be continually on the watch for information, and ideas that will throw light on his path, and he should be an attentive reader of all practical books, especially those relating to business, trade, &c., as well as a patron of useful and ennobling literature.

IX. Never forget a favor, for ingratitude is the basest trait of man's heart. Always honor your country, and remember that our country is the very best poor man's country in the world.

Were rules like the above carefully observed by every man who commences business, there would be fewer failures, while periodical commercial disasters, sweeping over the country like an epidemic, would cease to be a mercantile experience. Let young men ponder them well.

### NAPOLEON III.

The most striking feature of the last news from Europe is the proclamation of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte as Emperor of France, under the title of Napoleon III. There is no surprise in the event itself, for the steps to it had been so plainly paved that all the world waited for the consummation. But take the whole series of events, from the commencement of 1849 to this time; and the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the throne of France, as an absolute sovereign, must be pronounced the most wonderful chapter in the history of Christendom. The mere memory of the Conqueror and Legislator who closed his career in 1815, after an interval of nearly forty years, during which the whole tendency of France seemed to be to consolidate and multiply the guarantees of constitutional liberty, has been sufficient to raise, by a rapid and unobstructed process, to the summit of his own absolute authority, a member of his family having no prestige of his own, and whose sole personal notoriety had been of a kind to crown him rather with contempt and ridicule, than with fame and power.

Louis Napoleon is the same individual who, sixteen years ago, after the ridiculous failure of the conspiracy of Strasbourg, was put in a diligence by Louis Philippe under the charge of a police officer, and sent quietly out of France, as a disorderly person, who could not be suffered to remain, but was too feeble an enemy to merit the serious attention of Government. This man is now Emperor by the almost unanimous choice of the French nation.

Modern history affords no parallel to this succession. But Roman history presents one with so many and so striking points of resemblance, that it could not fail to be recalled, even before the parallel was complete of the Imperial power. No modern indeed, save Napoleon, can well be compared, both in his fortunes and his genius, to Julius Caesar. Each of them in a period of the highest civilization, triumphed by personal ability, and the dazzle of an unequalled fame, over the long established institutions, and the existing factious anarchy, of his country. Each distinguished his reign by a splendor of statesmanship scarcely inferior to that of his warlike achievements. Each was cut short in his career by his violence. The reign of each was followed by the establishment of an order of things that seemed to cut off all hope of the restoration of the demolished throne. Why should the family of Caesar reign in Rome? It was a family that, save in the person of the great Julius, was among the least distinguished of that cloud of noble names that have consecrated to undying fame the history of the Eternal City. Why should the family of the Bonapartes reign in France? A family that never rose to the level of historic notice, till Napoleon emblazoned it in the light of his own extraordinary career.

We must measure the grandeur of those two men by the ascendancy they exercised over the minds of two great nations after they were gone, and after, apparently, all the elements of their power had been dissipated. In either case, a nephew, a man without a shred of positive power, without even congenitously good luck, without a name in arms, or the reputation of a single quality of superiority, has been borne by the imposing ascendancy of their names, into a position from whence, by sure and rapid stages,

they reached that very summit of power which the conquerors only won by the course of time, and the rarest combination of genius and fortune.

Perhaps as close a parallel might be run between the fortunes and character of Octavius Caesar Augustus and Louis Napoleon as between their illustrious antecedents. Both started with a marvellous small stock of reputation. They were thought to be harmless persons, worth nothing in themselves, but worth cultivating on account of the great names which they recalled to order, to be used against the factious leaders who were threatening the existence of the Republic. Both were very willing to be used for so benign a purpose; both accepted a share of power, with the same specious modesty; both clung to it, once acquired, with the same combination of policy and force; and both marched, with the same sure and specious gait towards the final consummation of their ambition.

It will remain for after times to complete the parallel or to mark the distinction. But even now we may prophesy that unless Napoleon III, shall follow the peaceful policy of Augustus, he is much more likely to share the fate of the uncle, than to transmit the imperial power undisputed like the nephew.

The comments of the English press show that there is some uneasiness about the policy of the new Emperor. It is observed that his studious defence of the dynastic title of "Napoleon III" seems like an intimation of his intention to discard all that has been done by intervening governments; and especially, that his assumption of something real and legitimate in the reign of "Napoleon II," who is at least as imaginary a monarch as Louis XVII; is a declaration of hostility against all that the powers of Europe ordained and established at the conclusion of the wars of the French Revolution. Moreover, it is remarked that the expressions in favor of peace are much less emphatic in the address of the new Emperor than in previous public speeches. These things are certainly worthy of consideration. There are two difficulties. The powers of Europe would readily acknowledge Louis Napoleon as Emperor of France, but it is not so certain they will accept him by the dynastic title of Napoleon III. Napoleon himself may, and is suspected of a determination to restore the Empire to the limits it had under his uncle, which would almost certainly involve a European war. Till these two points are settled—the acceptance by the nations of Europe of the dynastic title of the new Emperor, and the acceptance by the latter of the restricted bounds of the Empire, there is no assurance of the continuance of peace, and the shadow of the revived Bonaparte will brood like a night-mare over the repose of the world.—*Charleston Mercury.*

It should be the part of education to inculcate the love of labor, the esteem of its reward and the supremacy of its law. Were its true dignity appreciated, men would seek to make their children gentlemen by making them workers, rather than putting money into their purses. If idleness be an evil, then is the father's blessing too often his bitterest curse. Labor is not onerous when performed with an appreciation of its nature. It then becomes dignified and honorable, elevating man to his true position among the creatures of Omnipotence. Neglecting this law of his being, he becomes an idler in a universe of law and energy. He sleeps till the crisis of a great destiny is past. He sells his birth-right for a day of inglorious ease. He doffs the princely garments of Nature, and puts on in its stead, the beggarly rags of an out-cast and a vagabond.

Every one has felt it, who has lent himself earnestly to work. He has felt that his virtue was safest, when he had thrown about it the safeguard of honest, unwavering occupation. These are the wisdoms of his most conscious pride.

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Table with multiple columns containing names, addresses, and other details, likely a directory or list of businesses.

BY THE GOVERNOR.  
ORDER NO. 1.  
The following gentlemen have been appointed and commissioned as follows to his Excellency the Governor and Commander in Chief, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and will be obeyed and executed accordingly.  
By order, J. W. CANTLEY, Adj. and Inspector General.

Books and Stationery.  
HAYES the largest assortment of Law, Medical, Miscellaneous, and School Books.  
Also of American, English and French Stationery, that can be found in the Southern States.  
As they buy exclusively for cash, their prices will be correspondingly low.  
Orders by mail promptly attended to.  
R. S. BRYAN, J. J. McCARTER, August 4 30 6mo

GREAT UNDERTAKING,  
AND MOST POSITIVE  
CHANGE IN BUSINESS!!  
CASH BUSINESS!!  
THE SUBSCRIBERS will, on the first of January, 1853, commence an exclusive  
WE sincerely thank our friends who have been buying goods of us on credit, and who have been prompt in payment. "Friends must part," however, but we hope to meet again in our new system of CASH, for we intend to sell goods as we make it an object for all who have the cash to buy with, to call and judge for themselves, the great difference of getting goods on credit, and buying for cash.  
All orders from the country promptly attended to, if the cash accompanies them, not otherwise.  
At the Sign of the Big Boot, 151 Richardson Street.  
N. B. The above applies to all and every one, and "the rest of mankind." CASH in all instances, and no mistake.  
Dec. 22 51 3t

Bascomville Female Seminary.  
THE exercises of this institution will be resumed on Monday, the 10th of January next, under the direction of Miss Sarah L. Hall and Miss Caroline P. Pond.  
The Literary department will be conducted by Miss Hall, who is a graduate of Troy Female Seminary, N. Y., and the Music and Ornamental department by Miss Pond, who is also from Troy Seminary.  
These young ladies come not only with the highest recommendations for superior scholarship, but also for energy and integrity of character.  
The Trustees have taken great pains and trouble to procure good efficient Teachers, and they feel confident that such are secured. They would say to the public, that they expect to have one of the best Schools in Chester District; one which all parents and guardians shall have to patronize.  
No pains will be spared by any of the Trustees to make this a flourishing institution and to sustain the reputation which it has heretofore received.  
Good Board can be obtained in the neighborhood upon reasonable terms.  
Rates of tuition the same as before.  
Rates of tuition per session.  
Primary Department.  
Embracing Reading, Writing & Spelling, \$2.00  
Second Department.  
Embracing all the above together with Grammar, Arithmetic & Geography, \$3.00  
Third Department.  
Embracing all the above together with all the higher branches of an English Education, such as Botany, Physiology, Philosophy, Natural and Mental Chemistry, Geometry, Algebra, &c., \$5.00  
Music upon Piano, extra, \$1.00  
Use of Piano, \$2.00  
French Language, \$2.00  
Latin Language, \$2.00  
Needle Work, \$2.00  
Drawing and Painting, \$2.00  
Wm. J. HICKLIN, Secretary of the Board of Trustees.  
Dec. 29

Business Cards.  
DR. STRINGFELLOW  
WILL be found hereafter during the day at his office in Major Eates' new building or at Dr. Reedy's Drug Store, and during the night at Kennedy's Hotel, unless professionally absent.  
Punctual attention will be given to all calls.  
Nov. 13 48



